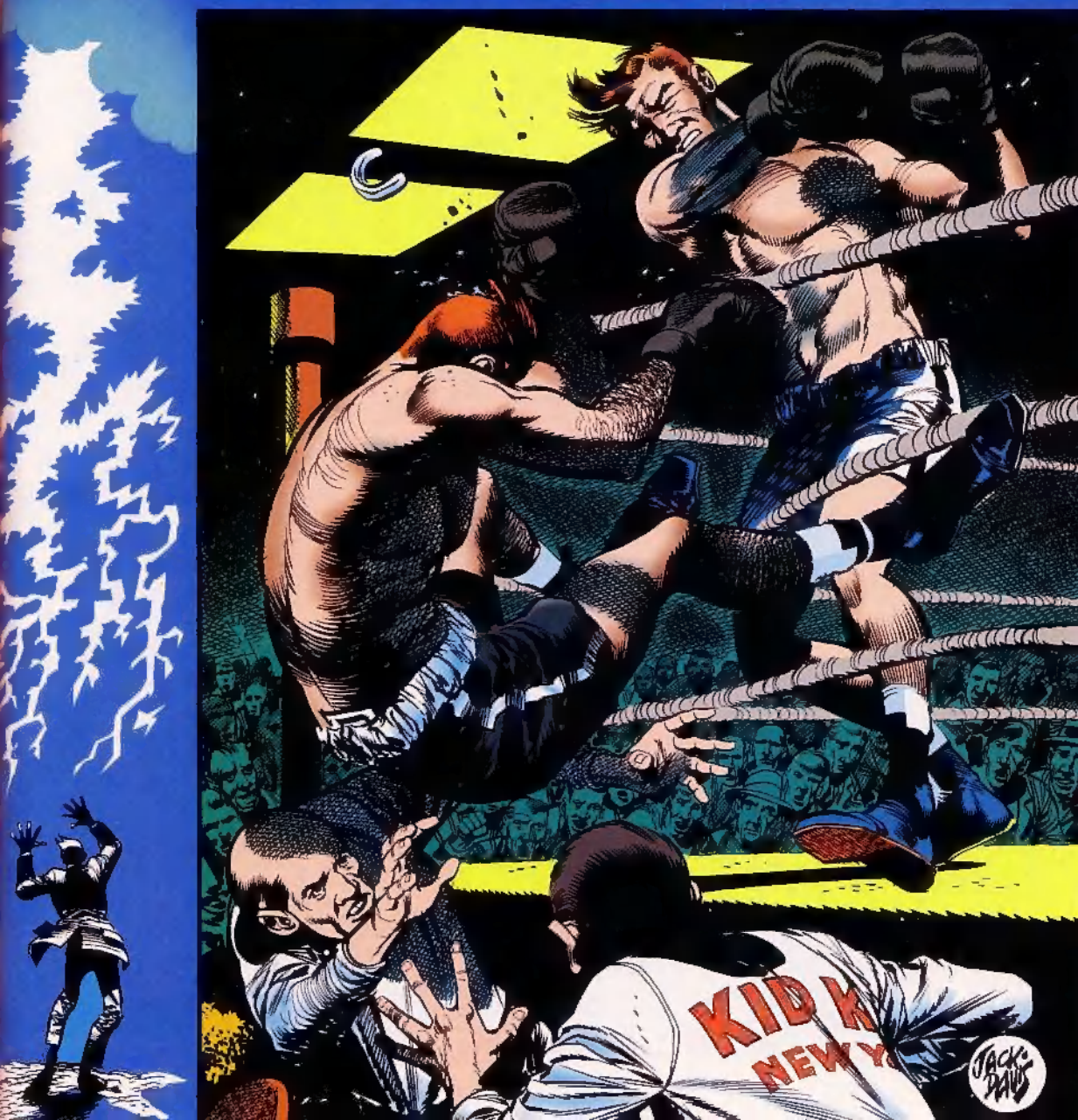
ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!

TALES DESIGNED TO CARRY AN...

IMPACT

2.50
4.00
CANADA

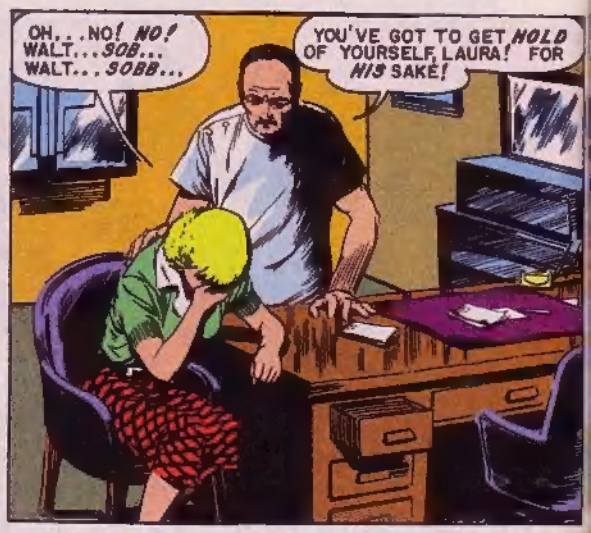
NO. 5
AUG

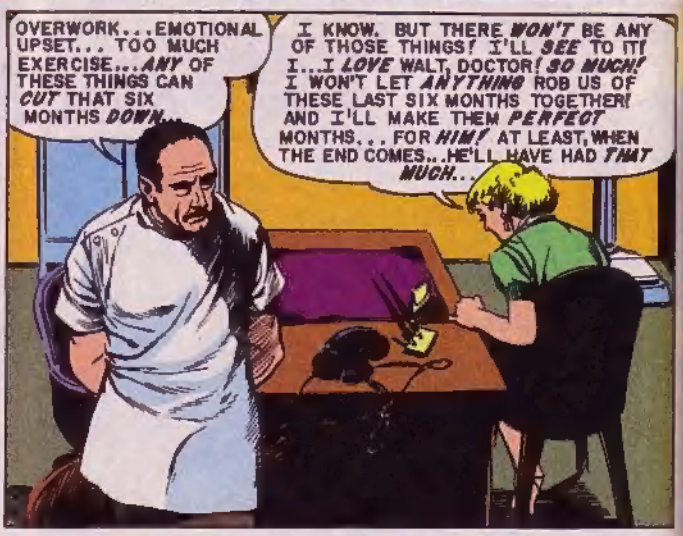


HEART INTEREST

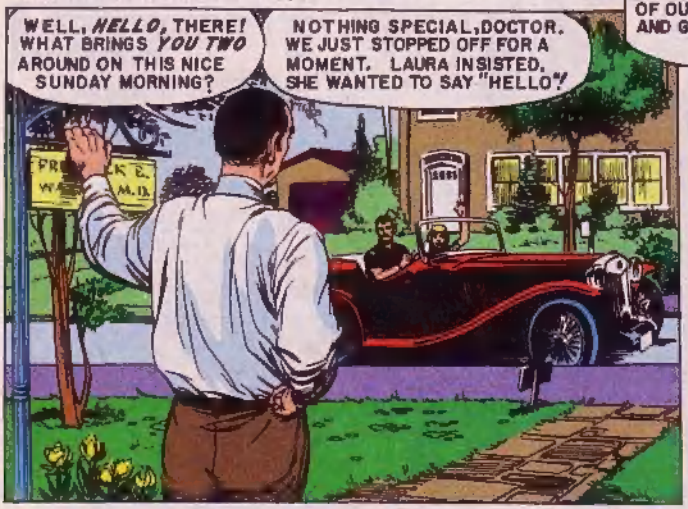
THE DOCTOR STOOD AT THE REAR OF THE LITTLE FUNERAL CHAPEL, AND THE SUBDUED WHISPERS DRIFTED TO HIS EARS LIKE THE RUSTLE OF DRIED LEAVES. "THE POOR MAN!" SOMEBODY SIGHED. "POOR WALT!" SOMEONE ANSWERED. "TO GO SO SUDDENLY LIKE THAT...", A THIRD SOBBED. "...AND SO YOUNG!" THE VOICES HUNG LIKE MIST OVER THE OPEN CASKET. BUT SOMEHOW, THE DOCTOR COULD NOT HELP WONDERING. WHAT IF ALL THESE PEOPLE KNEW THE REAL STORY? WHAT IF THEY KNEW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED THESE PAST SIX MONTHS? WOULD THEY STILL BE FEELING SORRY FOR WALTER HARMON THEN?

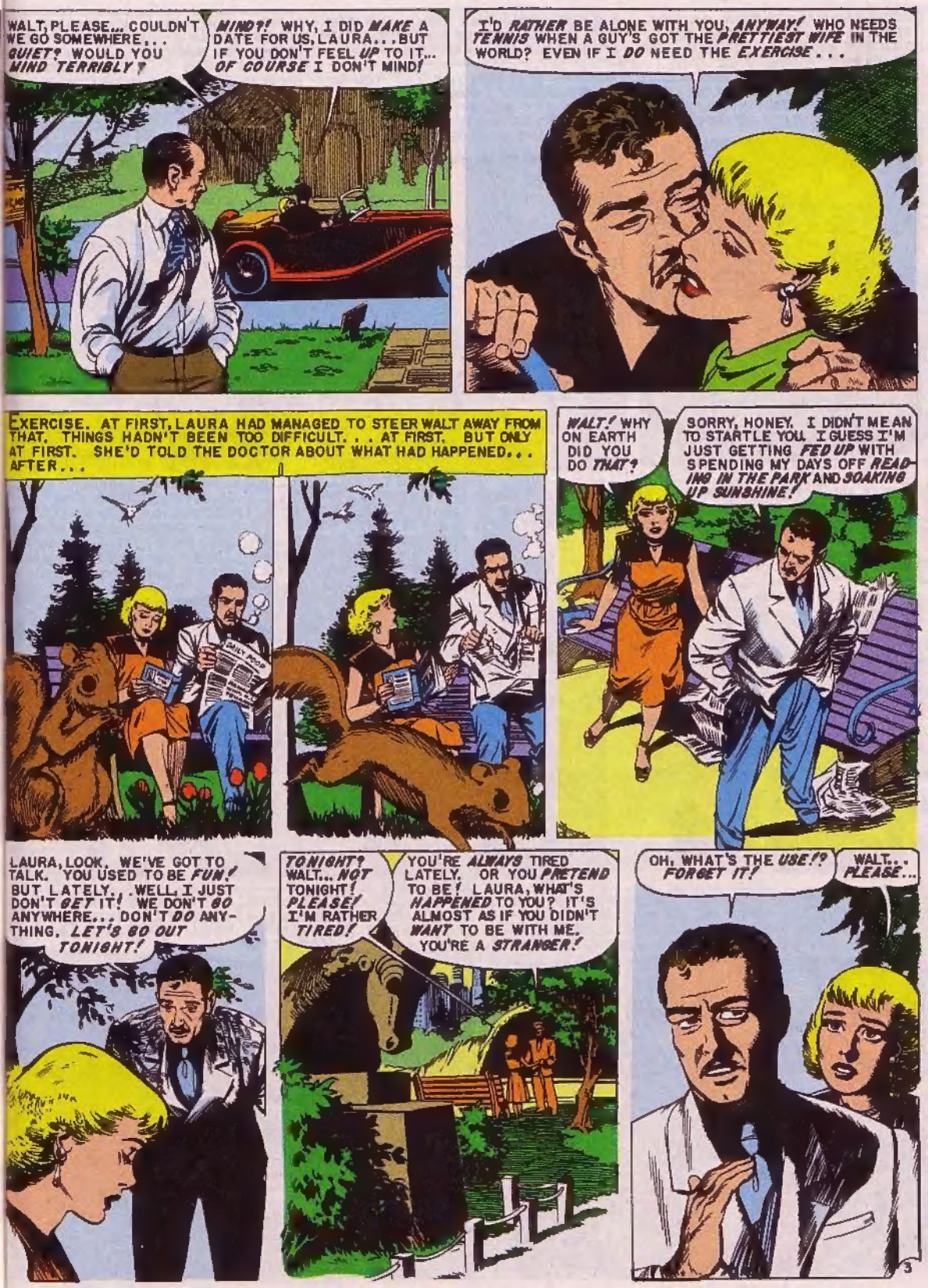
THE DOCTOR TURNED AWAY. THE PITY OF IT. AND YET, HE'D KNOWN THAT IT WOULD END LIKE THIS. HE'D EVEN KNOWN WHEN. SIX MONTHS AGO, HE'D PREDICTED IT ALMOST TO THE EXACT DATE. AND HE'D TOLD LAURA, WALTER HARMON'S LOVELY YOUNG WIFE...





THE DOCTOR HAD BROUGHT LAURA INTO THE WORLD. HE'D MADE HER PROMISE TO KEEP HIM INFORMED. AND, AT FIRST, ALL HAD GONE SMOOTHLY...

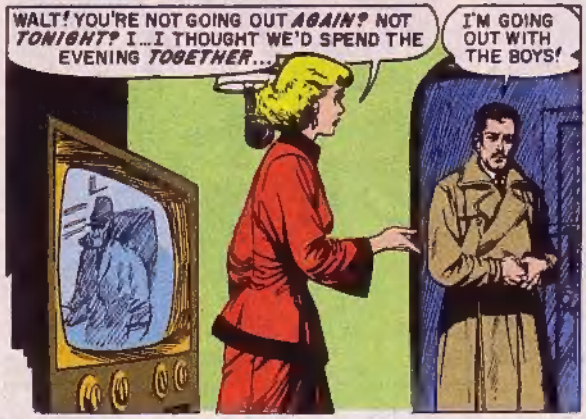


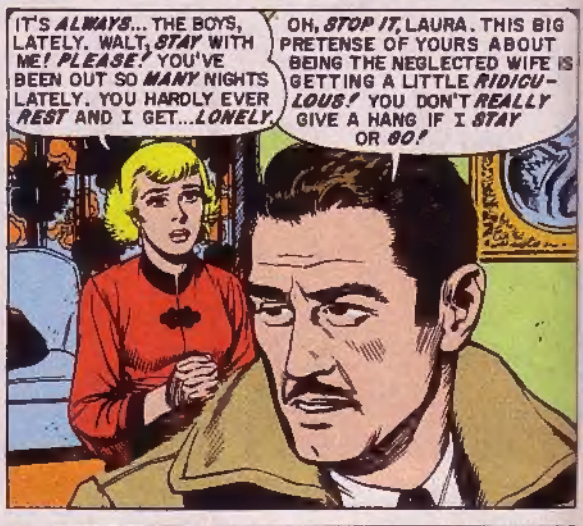

WALT, PLEASE... COULDN'T WE GO SOMEWHERE... QUIET? WOULD YOU MIND TERRIBLY?
MIND?! WHY, I DID MAKE A DATE FOR US, LAURA... BUT IF YOU DON'T FEEL UP TO IT... OF COURSE I DON'T MIND!
I'D RATHER BE ALONE WITH YOU, ANYWAY! WHO NEEDS TENNIS WHEN A GUY'S GOT THE PRETTIEST WIFE IN THE WORLD? EVEN IF I DO NEED THE EXERCISE...
EXERCISE. AT FIRST, LAURA HAD MANAGED TO STEER WALT AWAY FROM THAT. THINGS HADN'T BEEN TOO DIFFICULT... AT FIRST. BUT ONLY AT FIRST. SHE'D TOLD THE DOCTOR ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED... AFTER...
DAILY ADOS
WALT! WHY ON EARTH DID YOU DO THAT?
SORRY, HONEY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOU. I GUESS I'M JUST GETTING FED UP WITH SPENDING MY DAYS OFF READING IN THE PARK AND SOAKING UP SUNSHINE!
LAURA, LOOK, WE'VE GOT TO TALK. YOU USED TO BE FUN! BUT LATELY... WELL, I JUST DON'T GET IT! WE DON'T GO ANYWHERE... DON'T DO ANYTHING. LET'S GO OUT TONIGHT!
TONIGHT? WALT... NOT TONIGHT! PLEASE! I'M RATHER TIRED!
YOU'RE ALWAYS TIRED LATELY. OR YOU PRETEND TO BE! LAURA, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? IT'S ALMOST AS IF YOU DIDN'T WANT TO BE WITH ME. YOU'RE A STRANGER!
OH, WHAT'S THE USE!? FORGET IT!
WALT... PLEASE...

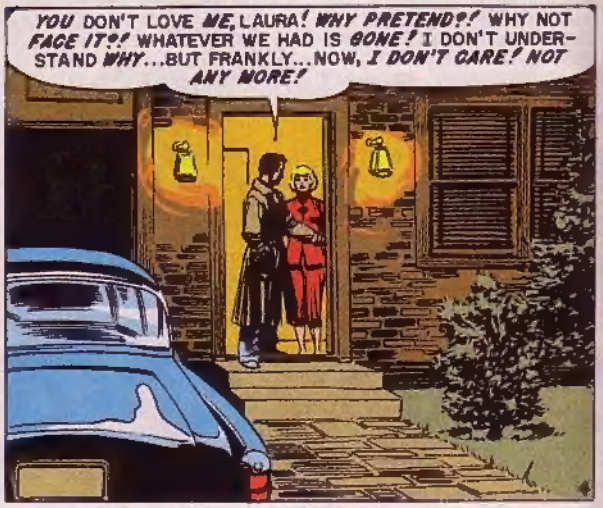
WALT HAD WALKED AWAY...ANGRY, BECAUSE HE HADN'T KNOWN. BECAUSE HE HADN'T UNDERSTOOD WHAT LAURA WAS TRYING TO DO...

LAURA'D CRIED THAT NIGHT...FOR THE FIRST TIME. BUT NOT FOR THE LAST. OH, NO. NOT FOR THE LAST TIME...

BUT IT HADN'T BEEN THAT SIMPLE. LAURA'D TRIED. SHE'D BEEN SWEET FOR WALT... MADE HERSELF PRETTY FOR HIM. BUT THE SANDS OF LIFE HAD TRICKLED AWAY FASTER AND FASTER... AND WALT NEVER KNEW...







THE IRONY OF IT. "YOU DON'T LOVE ME!" HE'D SAID. IF ONLY WALT HAD KNOWN HOW WRONG HE WAS. BUT HE HADN'T KNOWN. AND THE PRECIOUS DAYS AND WEEKS HAD SPED BY...

DOCTOR, IF YOU COULD JUST... *SEE* WALT! HE'S GOTTEN *THIN*...*DRAWN!* I... I WANTED TO MAKE HIM *HAPPY* IN THESE LAST FEW MONTHS... AND INSTEAD, I'VE MADE HIM *MISERABLE!*

AND YOU *STILL WON'T TELL HIM?!*

YOU STILL THINK IT'S *FAIR* TO LET HIM GO RIGHT ON TO THE END WITHOUT *KNOWING*...WITHOUT BEING *WARNED?*

I... I *CAN'T* TELL HIM *NOW!* I... *CAN'T!* IF I TOLD HIM NOW, HE...HE WOULDN'T *BELIEVE* ME! HE'D THINK I WAS TRYING TO *FRIGHTEN* HIM... *APPEAL* TO HIM! TIE HIM DOWN!

PERHAPS IF I *SPOKE* TO HIM...MADE HIM SEE HOW *IMPORTANT* IT IS TO *ME* THAT HE STAY HOME AND TAKE IT EASY...

I'M *SURE* YOU COULD, LAURA. BUT... *NO!* IF YOU SPOKE TO WALT... ASKED HIM... AND THERE WAS A *QUARREL*...WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT COULD *HAPPEN!* IT COULD PROVE *FATAL!*

NO! I'M AFRAID THAT IF YOU *WON'T* TELL WALT THE *TRUTH*, LAURA, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ON AS YOU *ARE!* IT'S BITTER COMFORT, BUT... WELL... IT'S MY OPINION THAT IT WILL ONLY BE FOR A *LITTLE WHILE LONGER*... AND THEN, IT WON'T MATTER ANY MORE...

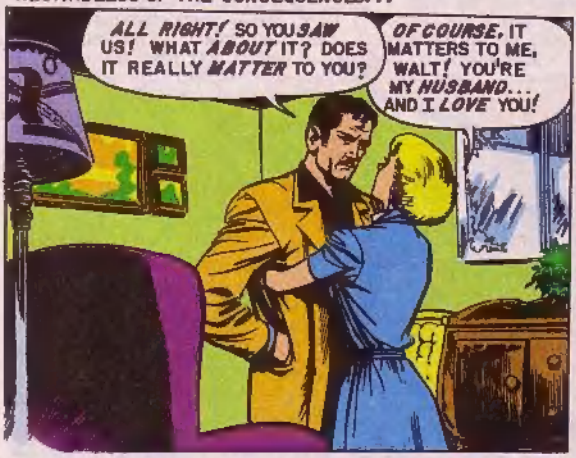
THE DOCTOR HAD HAD TO SAY THAT. HE'D HAD TO PREVENT AN EMOTIONAL UPSET... EVEN IF IT MEANT BEING CRUEL. AND HE'D SUCCEEDED...FOR A TIME...

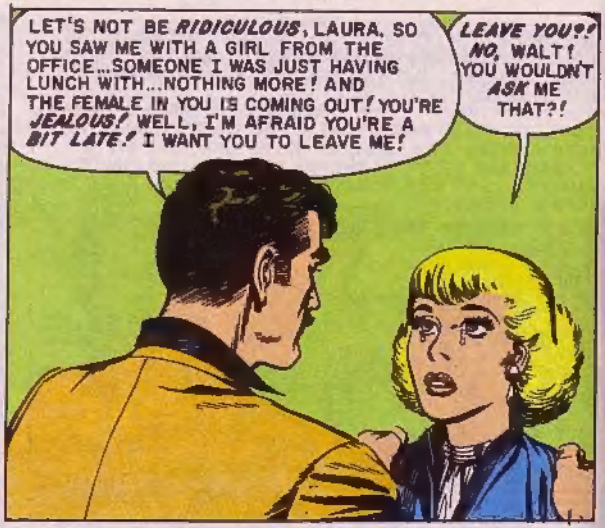
T-TRY NOT TO GET HOME...TOO LATE, WALT...

SLAM!

THE DOCTOR HAD SUCCEEDED. BUT THE DOCTOR HAD HAD NO CONTROL OVER FATE...OVER CHANCE...OVER WHAT LAURA HAD SEEN...

THE PAIN OF THAT HAD BEEN LIKE A KNIFE...TWISTING IN LAURA'S HEART. SHE'D HAD TO TALK TO WALT, THEN... REGARDLESS OF THE CONSEQUENCES...





THE END HAD BEEN CLOSE THEN, WHEN LAURA HAD COME TO HIM, THE DOCTOR HAD KNOWN...

HE...HE WAS SO *WHITE!* SO *ANGRY!* DOCTOR, I COULDN'T *HELP* IT! I *HAD* TO ASK HIM... ABOUT HER!

YOU SHOULD HAVE LET WALT *ALONE,* LAURA! A SICK HEART WILL TAKE *JUST SO MUCH!* BUT... THERE'S NO POINT IN DISCUSSING THAT NOW. IT'S DONE.

WHERE *IS* WALT NOW, LAURA?

HE'S TAKEN AN APARTMENT. IT'S...IT'S ALMOST A JOKE, ISN'T IT, DOCTOR? I... TRIED SO HARD! I WANTED TO BE *WITH* HIM THESE LAST FEW MONTHS... MAKE THEM *HAPPY* MONTHS FOR HIM... AND INSTEAD... AT THE END... HE'LL BE *ALONE*... *AFTER ALL!* POOR WALT...

POOR WALT? WELL, THE DOCTOR HADN'T SEEN IT QUITE THAT WAY! BUT HE'D HELD HIS TONGUE. AND THE END LAURA'D SPOKEN OF HAD FINALLY COME...

WALTER HARMON

IT HAD COME AS HE'D EXPECTED... SUDDENLY... BROUGHT ON BY EMOTIONAL STRAIN. AND SO, NOW, THE DOCTOR STOOD IN THE REAR OF THE CHAPEL AND LISTENED TO THE WHISPERS, LIKE RUSTLING LEAVES...

...HEART DISEASE. WHO WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED.

...SUCH A SHAME.

THE DOCTOR MOVED TO THE CASKET AND STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT THE FACE SO PEACEFUL IN DEATH. AND AFTER AWHILE HE BECAME AWARE OF SOMEONE SOBBING BESIDE HIM...

LAURA... *SOB...*

AND THE DOCTOR TURNED TO FACE THE GRIEVING MAN...

DOCTOR... *WHY?!* WHY DIDN'T SHE *TELL* ME? SHE MUST HAVE *KNOWN*...?

WHY DIDN'T LAURA *TELL* ME SHE HAD A *BAD HEART?*

THE END

ONE-ARMED WONDER

Pete Wyshner was only fifteen when he hitchhiked from his home-town, Nanticoke, in the heart of the Pennsylvania coal fields, to the World Series of 1932!

That day, as he sat in Chicago's Wrigley Field, he was to witness the unfolding of a baseball legend. Babe Ruth was at bat . . . with two strikes on him! Ruth pointed to a spot in the bleachers and then deposited the very next pitch therein for a home run. The jubilant Pete Wyshner had a serious talk with himself. "Pete," he said, "the whole trick is confidence in yourself. If you're sure you can do it . . . you *will* do it!"

Pete Wyshner was of Lithuanian-American parentage; his father a coal miner. At six years of age, Pete jumped out of a grocer's moving car! His *right arm* was crushed so badly it had to be amputated just above the elbow. You'd expect that this serious handicap would keep Pete on the sidelines, acting as score-keeper or arbiter, while the other fellows played. Nothing was more remote from the truth! If anything, Pete's disability made him all the more competitive! He employed the most unorthodox manner of coming into home-plate . . . like a three-pronged cannon ball! . . . to the discomfort of many a heavy-set and resolute catcher. And all this was performed on a playing field studded with stones and covered with rusty tin cans!

When Pete first began playing ball in his sturdy neighborhood, he found it hard to hold onto the horsehide once he caught it. But he soon rectified this by pulling the padding out of the glove, rendering it loose and flexible. So flexible that he virtually caught the ball barehanded!

Sports writers and coaches first began to take notice of the sensational one-armed athlete when he became a regular outfielder for the Memphis Chicks of the Southern Association, in 1944. His team-mates came to know him by the name "Pete Gray" . . . and thus the name stands in baseball annals!

Pete Gray made them sit up and take notice when he knocked a homer over a twenty-foot fence, 330 feet from home plate, off Pitcher Bob Albertson of the Chattanooga Lookouts.

Sports writers were enthralled at Pete Gray's method of catching the ball, generally going at top speed to overhaul it. He brought the glove up to his right armpit, let the ball roll down his wrist against his chest. Then he held the glove between the arm stump and his body, pulled his hand out, lowered it, and the ball rolled back into his palm, all ready to be tossed. From the stands, it appeared that his glove was half off his hand to be able to catch, get rid of the glove, and throw the ball all in one motion.

When at the plate, Gray would hold the bat a foot behind him on a level with his head, in readiness to take his cut.

In 1945, Gray caught on with the St. Louis Browns! His popularity was not restricted to St. Louis but in other Amercan League cities as well. The crowds cheered him even when he made errors on sizzling grounders or difficult chances on balls hit to his right. He was afforded a great ovation in one game in particular. It was against the Philadelphia Athletics when he doubled the winning run home!

Gray had a better-than-average arm for an outfielder. Good enough to keep any opponent on third 'honest.' He also threw his share of ambitious runners out at the plate!

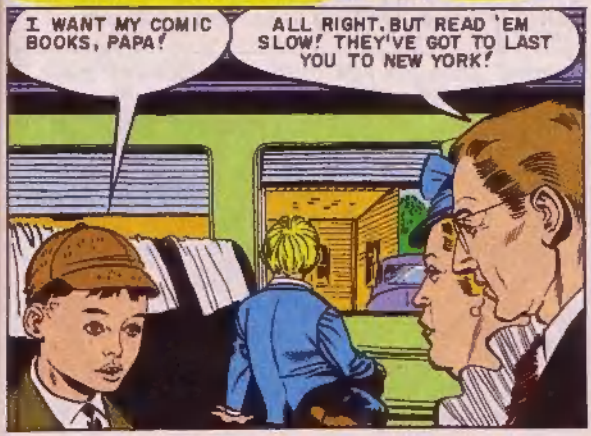
Pete Gray did not remain in the majors long; especially since many more capable ballplayers were returning from the armed forces at that time.

Nevertheless, it is a tribute to his stubborn singlemindedness that he made the majors because he was *sure* he could do it . . . and he *did* do it!

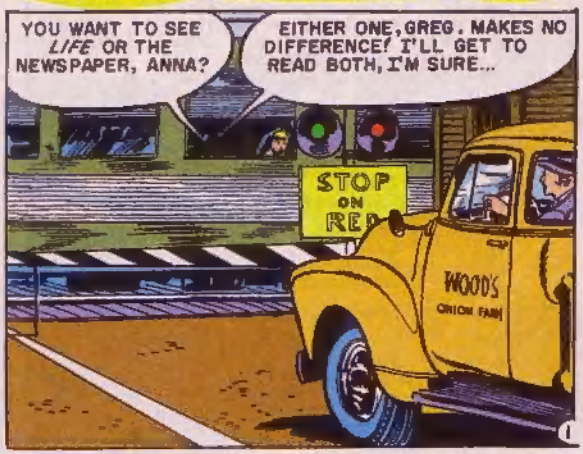
THE TRAVELERS

EDWARD LOOKED OUT ON THE DISMAL DAY. HE LOOKED WITHOUT THE USUAL CHILDISH INTEREST AT THE CARS WAITING BEHIND THE GRADE-CROSSING GATE. HE LISTENED TO THE SHARP, LUGUBRIOUS CLANGING OF THE WARNING BELL INCREASING IN VOLUME UNTIL ITS ANXIOUS, SEPULCHRAL *NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!* SEEMED DIRECTED AT HIM AS IT PASSED THE WINDOW BY WHICH HE SAT. THE BOY HEARD IT FADE BEHIND, BECOMING SOMEWHAT DISTANT, THEN, ITS HARSH MONOTONOUS, ALARM HELD AT ONE POINT, STILL RINGING. VAGUELY, HE HEARD THE CONDUCTOR'S THROATY ANNOUNCEMENT: "SCRANTON!" HE WAS NOT AT ALL AWARE OF THE NEW PASSENGERS COMING DOWN THE AISLE... THE HORTONS...GREGORY AND ANNA AND THEIR BOY, DANNY. . .

THE BOY STARED OUT AT THE GREY SAD PENNSYLVANIA SKY. THE HORTONS STOPPED ACROSS THE AISLE FROM HIM, AND PAPA HORTON SWUNG A SEAT-BACK AROUND SO THAT DANNY COULD RIDE FACING THEM...



EDWARD BLINKED THROUGH THE WINDOW AT NOTHING AND HIS EYES CLOUDED. HE DID NOT TURN HIS HEAD TO LOOK AT THE HORTONS, NOR DID THEY NOTICE HIM AT FIRST...

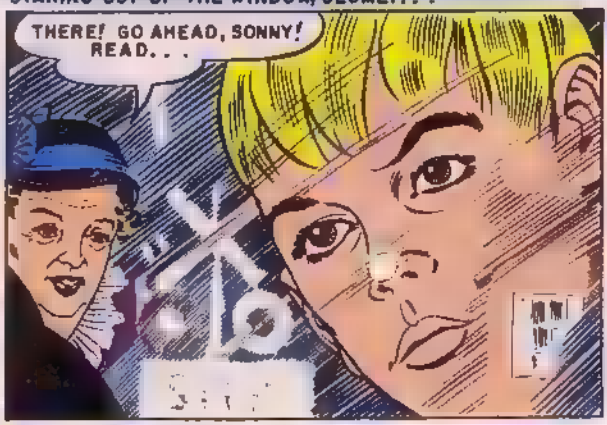


SCRANTON WAS LEFT BEHIND IN A VEIL OF BLACK SMOKE. ONCE AGAIN, THE TRAIN WHEELS TOOK UP THEIR RELENTLESS CLACKETY-CLACK AS THEY WHIRLED HOT OVER THE GLEAMING RAILS. EDWARD DID NOT STIR. THE HORTONS READ...

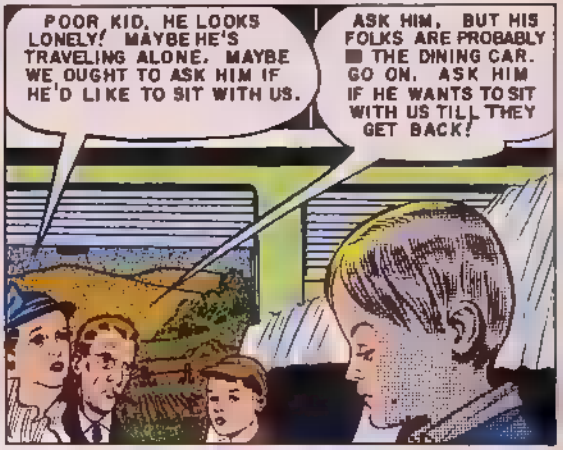
CLACKETY-CLACK, CLACKETY-CLACK. ANNA HORTON FELT HIS PRESENCE. PERHAPS SHE HEARD THE SOB THAT SHUDDERED THROUGH HIS YOUNG BODY. SHE GLANCED OVER AT EDWARD, THEN BACK AT HER MAGAZINE. A MOMENT LATER, SHE LOOKED AGAIN...

EDWARD DID NOT TURN HIS HEAD. HE DID NOT EVEN ANSWER...

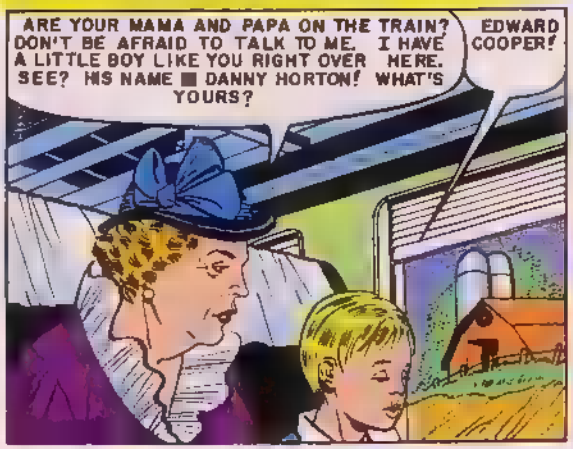
ANNA REACHED OVER AND PUT THE COMIC BOOK ON THE SEAT BESIDE THE BOY. HE DIDN'T PICK IT UP. HE JUST KEPT STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW, GLUMLY...



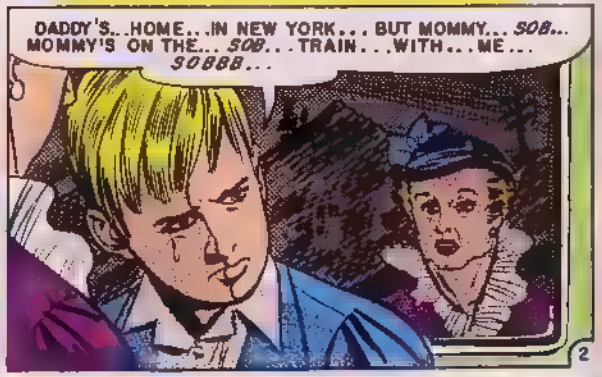
ANNA NUDGED HER HUSBAND...

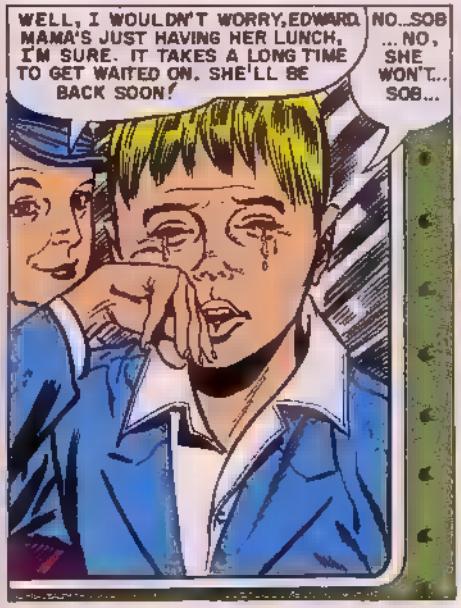


ANNA SLIPPED INTO THE EMPTY SEAT BESIDE EDWARD. AT FIRST HE DID NOT LOOK AT HER...



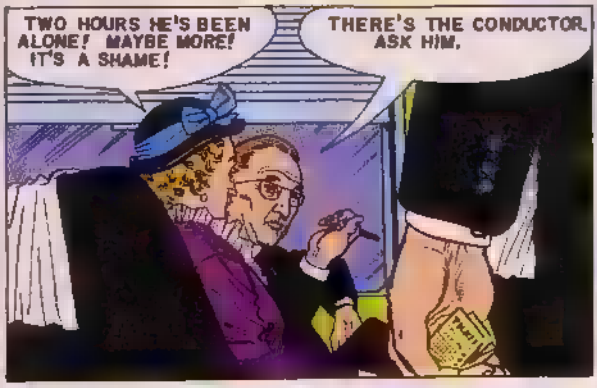
SHE WAITED. THE BOY LOOKED AROUND AT LAST. HE SAW THE WOMAN'S KINDLY EYES WATCHING HIM, WATCHING HIS FACE, THE WAY HIS CHIN BEGAN TO QUIVER, THE WAY THE TEARS CAME TO HIS EYES AS IF A SLUICE HAD BEEN OPENED, AND ANNA HORTON'S HEART ACHED FOR THIS LONELY BOY...



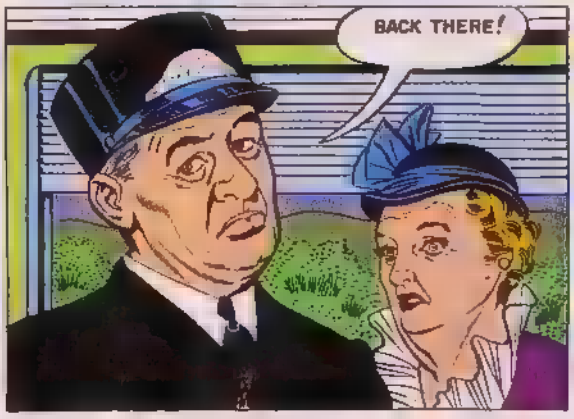


REASSURINGLY, ANNA GENTLY PRESSED HIS SMALL COLD HAND. THE BOY STILL SOBBED QUIETLY, EVEN AFTER SHE RETURNED TO HER HUSBAND'S SIDE...

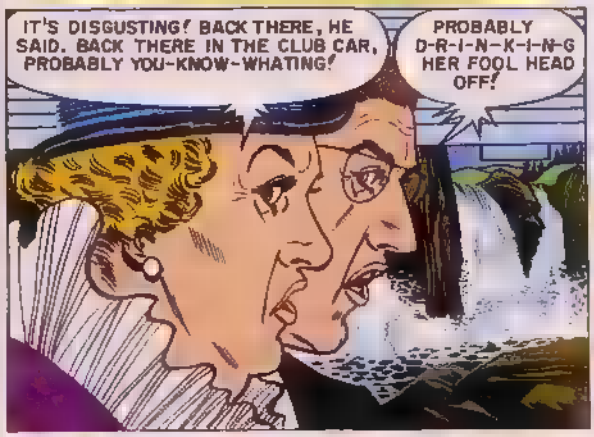
CLICKETY-CLICK, CLACKETY-CLACK, STEEL ROLLING ON STEEL, TIME ROLLING AWAY INTO THE PAST. DISTANCE ROLLING AWAY WITH TIME. ANNA RETURNED TO HER MAGAZINE. FOR A LONG TIME, THE BOY SOBBED, SOFTLY. SHE LOOKED OVER NOW AND THEN, SAW HIS SHOULDERS HEAVE, AND SIGHED WITH HIM...

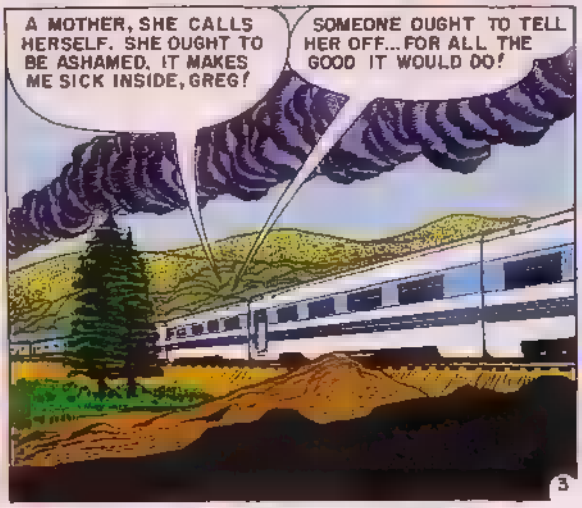


SHE CAUGHT THE CONDUCTOR'S EYE AND HE STOPPED. SHE NODDED AT EDWARD, AND SHE ASKED. THE CONDUCTOR ROLLED HIS EYES KNOWINGLY AND GESTURED WITH HIS HEAD...



THE CONDUCTOR WENT ON. ANNA WAS TOO ANGRY TO DO ANY MORE THAN LOOK AT GREGORY FOR A MOMENT. WHEN SHE DID SPEAK, HER VOICE SHOOK WITH EMOTION...





CLACK, CLACK...CLACKETY-CLACK! THE TRAIN RUMBLED ON, ON, ON. THE GREY DAY FADED AND DUSK CREPT OVER THE RAILS, PURSUING THE RUSHING MONSTER UNTIL IT WAS ENSHROUDED IN NIGHT...

YOU WANT TO EAT NOW, DANNY?

WHEN I FINISH THIS STORY!

YOU CAN FINISH IT WHILE WE'RE EATING! C'MON.

THE HORTONS GOT UP. ANNA LOOKED AT EDWARD, THEN AT HER HUSBAND. GREG NODDED...

EDWARD? LOOK AT ME, EDWARD! WE'RE GOING IN FOR DINNER NOW! YOU HUNGRY?

YES'M...

THE BOY LOOKED AT MR. HORTON WITH RED-RIMMED EYES, PUFFED FROM CRYING. GREG SMILED, AND HIS VOICE WAS KIND AND GENTLE...

C'MON, SON. YOU EAT WITH US. SAY HELLO TO EDWARD, DANNY...

HIYA...

THE BOY FOLLOWED THE HORTONS INTO THE DINING CAR. HE SAT DOWN QUIETLY AND STARED OUT THE WINDOW AGAIN. ANNA LOOKED AROUND...

I DON'T SEE ANYBODY IN HERE THAT LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BE HER.

OF COURSE NOT! SHE'S STILL IN THE CLUB CAR. YOU CAN BET ON IT! WHEN THEY GET LIKE THAT, THEY FORGET TO EAT!

LET ME HAVE THOSE CHECKS, BOYS. I'LL WRITE YOUR ORDERS ON THEM. WHAT LOOKS GOOD TO YOU?

GET THEM LAMB CHOPS... SOMETHING NOURISHING!

THE HORTONS WATCHED THE BOY EAT, AND FELT A KIND OF SATISFACTION IN THEIR GENEROSITY. THEIR BITTERNESS WAS DISSIPATED FOR A WHILE, BUT IT RETURNED AS THEY MADE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE COACH...

THAT WOMAN WILL PAY FOR HIS MEAL, I'LL SEE TO THAT! IT'S NOT THE MONEY I MIND...

I MIND! WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO PUT OUT GOOD DOUGH TO FEED HER KID WHILE SHE SITS SPRAWLED IN THE CLUB CAR, GUZZLING WHO KNOWS HOW MUCH MONEY AWAY?!

DINING CAR

THE BOY STOPPED SHORT OF HIS SEAT, AND HE LOOKED A BIT STARTLED, AS IF HE EXPECTED TO SEE HIS MOTHER SITTING THERE AND COULD NOT BELIEVE THE SEAT WAS VACANT. HE SAT DOWN THEN AND LOOKED INTO THE DARKNESS. HIS REFLECTION WAS CRYING AGAIN...

SIT WITH US, EDWARD.

LET HIM ALONE, ANNA...

EDWARD CRIED HIMSELF TO SLEEP...

...AND GREGORY AND HIS SON DOZED...

...AND ANNA PICKED UP THE PAPER. BUT SHE COULDN'T BRING HERSELF TO READ. THERE WAS A GNAWING ANGER INSIDE HER. SHE ALMOST MADE UP HER MIND TO FIND THE WOMAN IN THE CLUB CAR...

I KNOW WHAT SHE'LL LOOK LIKE! BLEACHED BLONDE...WITH DEEP LINES AROUND HER MOUTH AND UNDER HER EYES... YOUNG, MAYBE, AND CHEAP-PRETTY! AND HER EYES WILL BE BLURRED AND PINK! OH, AM I GOING TO TELL HER...

BUT SHE THOUGHT BETTER OF IT AND DECIDED TO WAIT FOR HER...

TELL HER WHAT? WHAT GOOD WOULD IT DO? SHE WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND, THAT POOR BOY. WHAT'S THE USE? SHE MIGHT ONLY GET NASTY WITH ME AND TAKE IT OUT ON HIM LATER!

CLICKETY-CLACK... CLACKETY-CLICK... THE TRAIN SCREAMED INTO THE NIGHT, CARRYING ANNA, WITH HER THOUGHTS... EDWARD, DOZING ...GREG AND DANNY, SOUND ASLEEP. NEARER NEW YORK, NEARER NEW YORK... UNDER THE HUDSON... PRESSURE ON THE EARS... CLICKETY-CLACK... OUT OF THE DARKNESS... THE LOW RUMBLE... THE GRADUAL STOP...

THEY WERE ALL AWAKE NOW. EDWARD PEERED ANXIOUSLY OUT ONTO THE PLATFORM. FOR A MOMENT, HE LOOKED AROUND AT THE HORTONS WITH HELPLESSNESS WRITTEN ON HIS FACE. THEN THE TEARS CAME AGAIN...

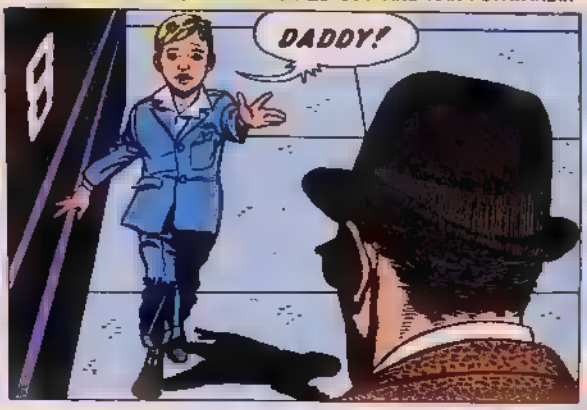
PENN-SYL-VANIA STATION!

THAT... THAT AWFUL WOMAN!

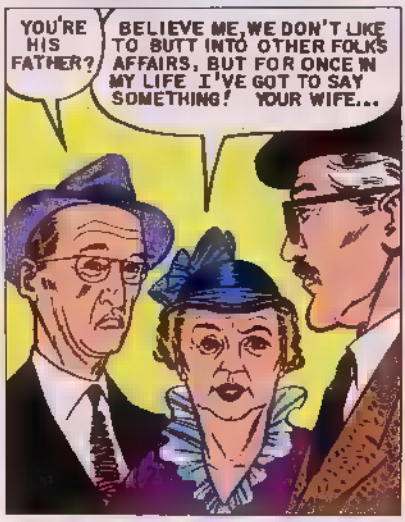
SHE'LL COME! SHE'LL HAVE TO! NO ONE COULD BE THAT CALLOUS SHE WOULDN'T COME LOOKING FOR HER CHILD!

GREGORY HORTON REACHED UP TO THE RACK OVER EDWARD'S HEAD AND LIFTED DOWN THE SUITCASES...THE PLAIN BROWN LEATHER ONE AND THE FANCY TAN ONE... LADY'S LUGGAGE...WITH THIN STRIPES NEAR THE ENDS...

THEY WERE THE LAST OUT OF THE COACH-CAR. THE CROWDS WERE ALREADY SHUFFLING TOWARD THE STAIRCASES... PASSENGERS...FRIENDS WHO'D COME TO MEET THEM. SUDDENLY, EDWARD CRIED OUT AND RAN FORWARD...



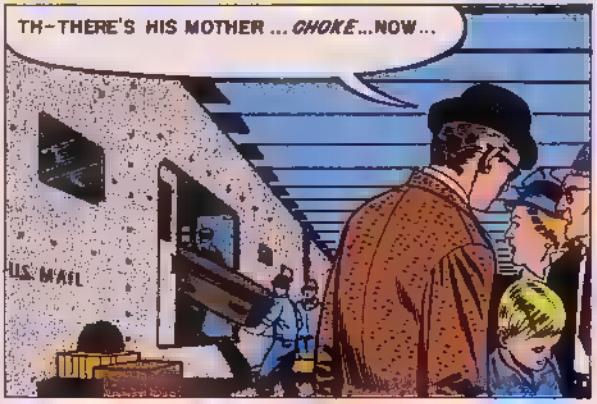
THE BOY FLEW INTO THE OUTSTRETCHED ARMS OF THE TALL MAN IN THE TWEED COAT, THE HOMBERG, THE DARK GLASSES. ANNA AND GREG HORTON PRESSED FORWARD, THEIR MOUTHS SET GRIMLY...



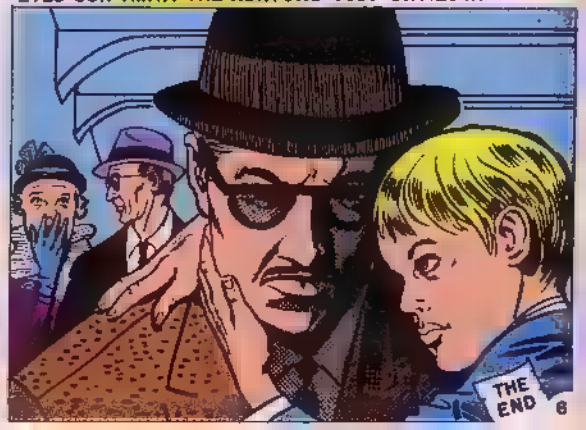
MR. COOPER HUGGED HIS SON CLOSER. HE LOOKED AT THESE STRANGERS WHO COULD NOT SEE INTO HIS EYES OR KNOW HIS THOUGHTS...WHO HAD PENT UP THINGS [redacted] THEM AND WERE INTENT UPON SPILLING THEM OUT...

BUT MR. COOPER WASN'T LISTENING. HE WAS GLANCING DOWN THE STATION...TOWARDS THE BACK... AND STIFFENING...AND HOLDING HIS BOY TIGHTER...

THE HORTONS FOLLOWED MR. COOPER'S GAZE TO THE REAR OF THE TRAIN... TO THE BAGGAGE CAR... TO THE TWO BAGGAGE HANDLERS STAGGERING UNSTEADILY UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE COFFIN...

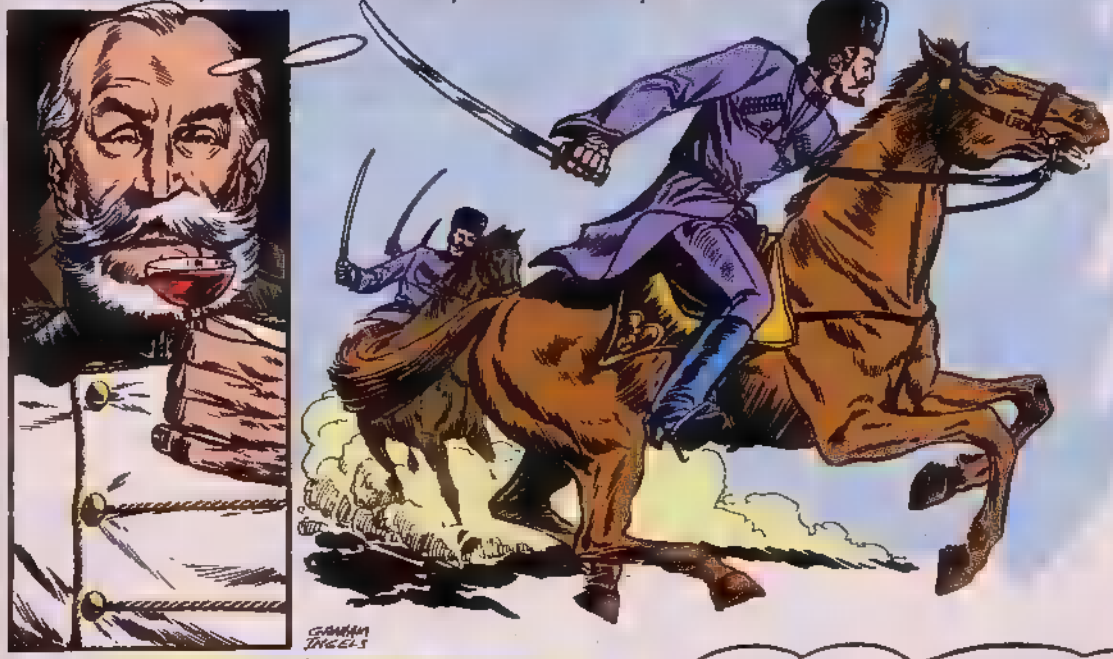


AND MR. COOPER TURNED HIS BACK ON ANNA AND GREGORY AND DANNY HORTON AND CARRIED HIS RED-EYED SON AWAY. THE HORTONS JUST STARED...

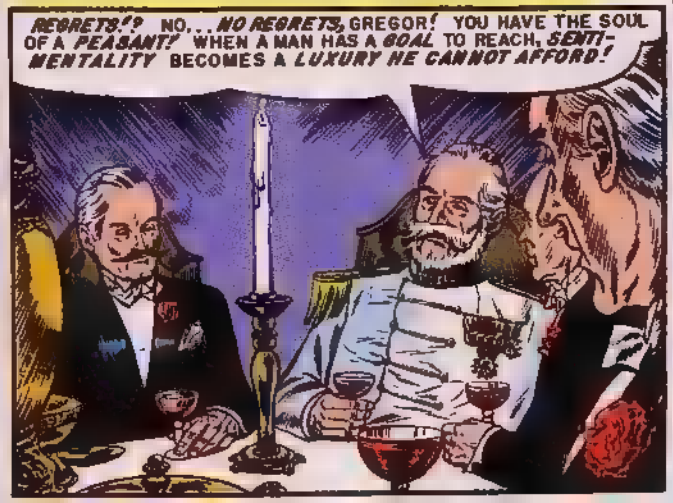


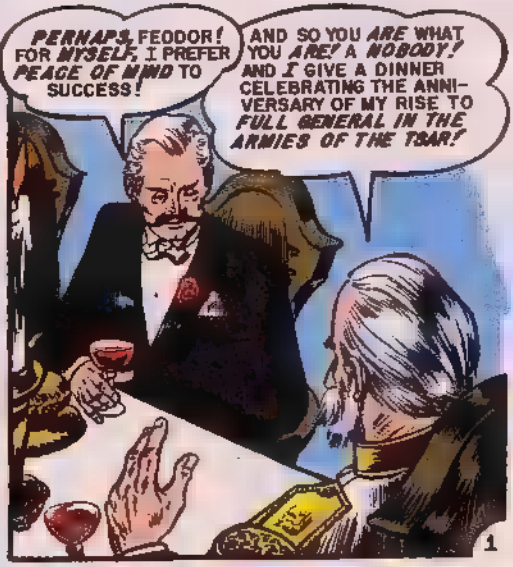
THE GENERAL

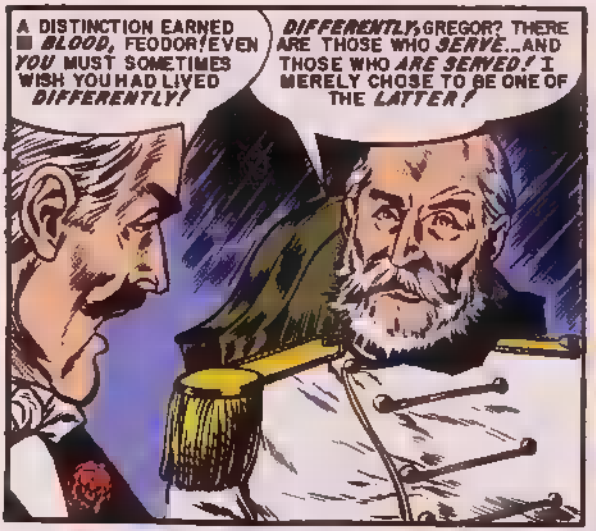
THE GENERAL SIPS HIS VODKA REFLECTIVELY. HE SITS WITH HIS GUESTS, AT A TABLE SPARKLING WITH CRYSTAL, AGLOW WITH THE SOFT GLEAM OF CANDLELIGHT ON SILVER. AND JUST FOR A MOMENT, IT SEEMS TO THE GENERAL THAT TIME TURNS BACKWARD. IT IS AS IF THE LONG YEARS BETWEEN HAVE NEVER BEEN. JUST FOR A MOMENT, ALMOST, HE FEELS ONCE AGAIN THE HEAVE OF A SWEATING MOUNT BETWEEN HIS KNEES, THE SOLID WEIGHT OF A SABER ■ HIS POWERFUL FIST. ALMOST, HE CAN SMELL THE DUST, HEAR THE SHOUTS, SEE THE WILD CONFUSION...

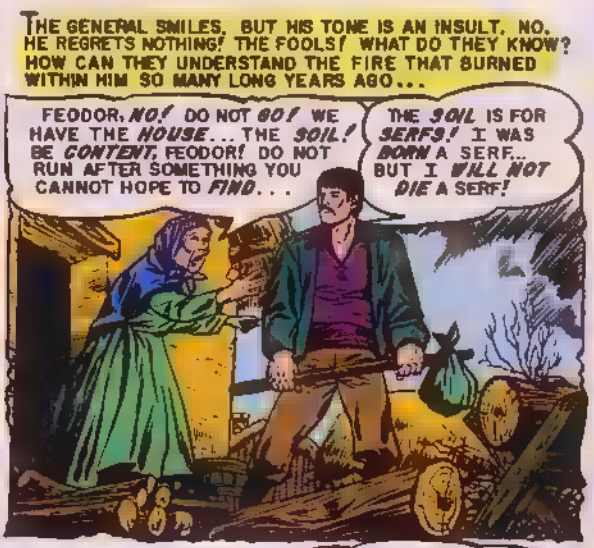


BUT THE MEMORY QUICKLY VANISHES. THE GENERAL LOOKS AROUND AT HIS GUESTS. GREGOR HAS ASKED HIM A QUESTION...

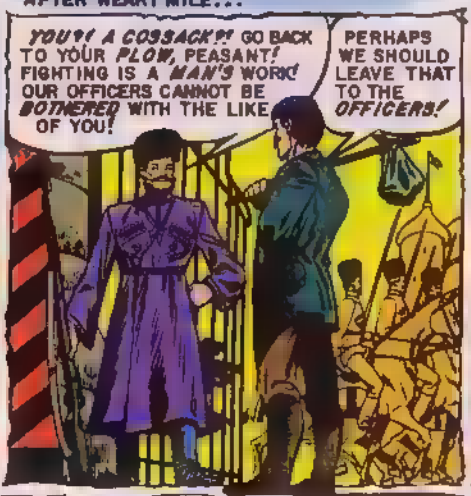





A DISTINCTION EARNED BLOOD, FEODOR! EVEN YOU MUST SOMETIMES WISH YOU HAD LIVED DIFFERENTLY!
DIFFERENTLY, GREGOR? THERE ARE THOSE WHO SERVE... AND THOSE WHO ARE SERVED! I MERELY CHOSE TO BE ONE OF THE LATTER!


THE GENERAL SMILES, BUT HIS TONE IS AN INSULT. NO, HE REGRETS NOTHING! THE FOOLS! WHAT DO THEY KNOW? HOW CAN THEY UNDERSTAND THE FIRE THAT BURNED WITHIN HIM SO MANY LONG YEARS AGO...
FEODOR, NO! DO NOT GO! WE HAVE THE HOUSE... THE SOIL! BE CONTENT, FEODOR! DO NOT RUN AFTER SOMETHING YOU CANNOT HOPE TO FIND...
THE SOIL IS FOR SERFS! I WAS BORN A SERF... BUT I WILL NOT DIE A SERF!

NO, FEODOR! IT IS YOUR FATE! I KNOW! I AM AN OLD WOMAN!
AND I AM YOUNG! I MUST CHANGE MY FATE! I WILL SEND YOU RUBLES! GOODBYE, MAMUCHKA!

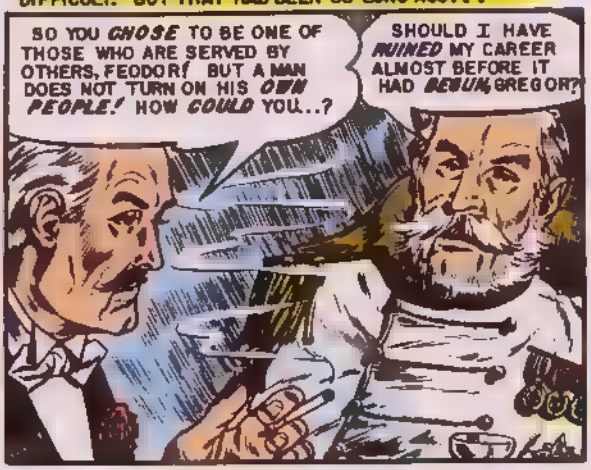

THE GENERAL REMEMBERS, WISTFULLY. AH, HOW THE AMBITION HAD FLAMED IN HIM THOSE DAYS. LIKE A FIRE, IT HAD FILLED HIS HEAD WITH DREAMS, DRIVEN HIM MILE AFTER WEARY MILE...
YOU?! A COSSACK?! GO BACK TO YOUR PLOW, PEASANT! FIGHTING IS A MAN'S WORK! OUR OFFICERS CANNOT BE BOTHERED WITH THE LIKE OF YOU!
PERHAPS WE SHOULD LEAVE THAT TO THE OFFICERS!

PEASANT PIG! YOU DARE...

YES, COSSACK! I DARE! I WOULD DARE THE DEVIL HIMSELF FOR WHAT I WANT...

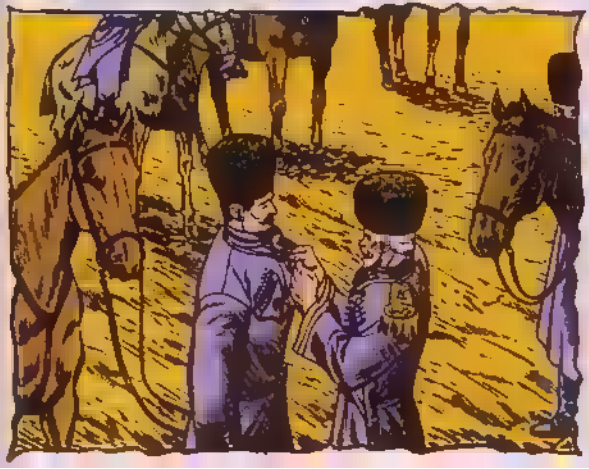
NOW, COSSACK! WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER... EH?
WAIT! PUT AWAY YOUR WEAPONS! THE FOOL LEFT THE SERF NO CHOICE!

AH, THE GENERAL MUSES. THAT HAD BEEN A RISKY BUSINESS... A GAMBLE. BUT THE COLONEL HAD SMILED AND NODDED. AND THE FIRST STEP HAD NOT BEEN TOO DIFFICULT. BUT THAT HAD BEEN SO LONG AGO...



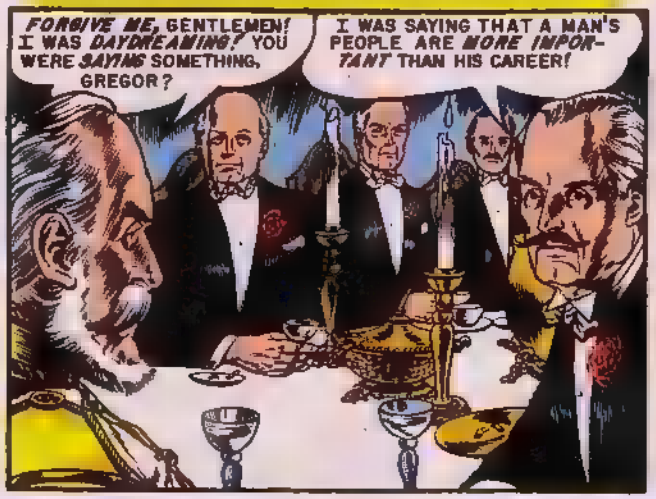
NO, THE GENERAL SMILES TO HIMSELF. HIS GUESTS WOULD NEVER UNDERSTAND. HE WAS NOT OF THE SAME BREED AS THESE OTHERS. GREGOR'S WORDS DO NOT EVEN STING... EVEN THOUGH THE GENERAL KNOWS TO WHAT THE WORDS REFER...

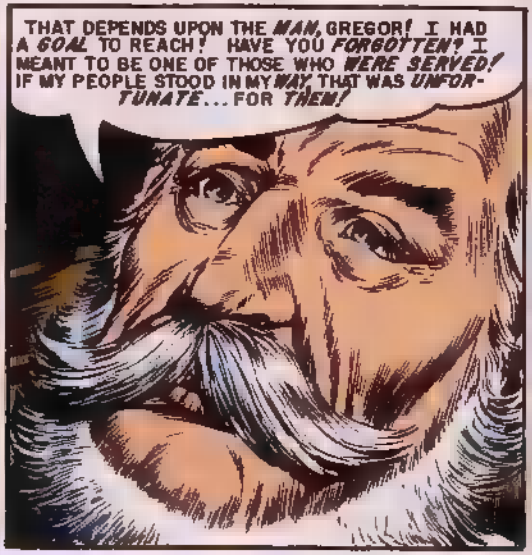
THERE HAD BEEN BAD TIMES FOR THE PEASANTS. THEY HAD FAILED TO PAY THEIR TAXES, AND THE TSAR'S RETRIBUTION HAD BEEN SWIFT AND CERTAIN. FEODOR HAD DONE HIS JOB WELL... VERY WELL...



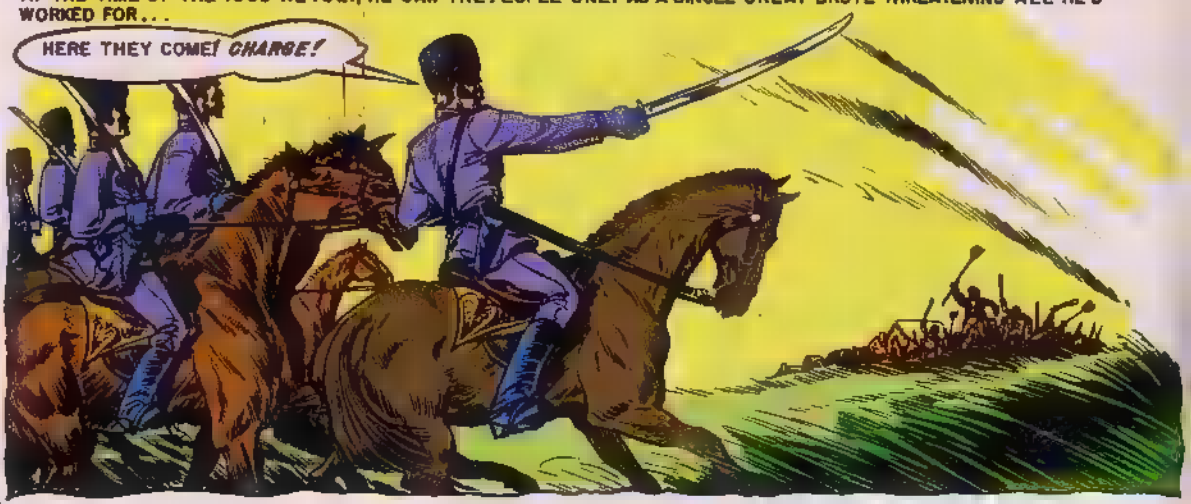
IN THE END, THERE HAD BEEN HONORS... PROMOTIONS. EVEN, AT LAST, AN OFFICER'S INSIGNIA. AND THE YOUNG COSSACK OFFICER HAD WORN HIS HONORS EASILY. HE HAD NEVER SWAYED IN HIS PURPOSE...

THE GENERAL SHAKES HIS HEAD. GREGOR IS SPEAKING AGAIN. BLAST THIS MAN... AND HIS LILY-LIVERED PHILOSOPHY AS WELL.





PEOPLE? THE GENERAL REMEMBERED. AFTER A WHILE, HE HAD NOT THOUGHT OF THE PEASANTS AS PEOPLE. AT THE TIME OF THE 1905 REVOLT, HE SAW THE PEOPLE ONLY AS A SINGLE GREAT BRUTE THREATENING ALL HE'D WORKED FOR...



IT HAD BEEN FEODOR, AND MEN LIKE FEODOR WHO HAD CRUSHED THE BRUTE THAT FATEFUL DAY. BUT THE BRUTE, IN REVOLUTION AND DEFEAT, HAD DONE FEODOR A SERVICE. A GRATEFUL TSAR HAD PINNED THE STAR OF A GENERAL TO THE COSSACK'S SPOTLESS TUNIC WITH HIS OWN HANDS...

THE GENERAL REMEMBERS AND THE MEMORY FADES...

MY PEOPLE! *BAH!* I REACHED MY GOAL *IN SPITE* OF THE BLOOD IN MY VEINS... *NOT BECAUSE* OF IT! MY *PHILOSOPHY* MADE ME A GENERAL AT FORTY! WHAT ARE *YOU* AT FORTY, GREGOR?

THE GENERAL SNEERS. WHAT CAN GREGOR REPLY TO THAT? SUCCESS SPEAKS FOR ITSELF...

WELL, GREGOR? *TELL US!* WHAT HAS *YOUR* SENTIMENTALITY AND SOFTNESS BROUGHT *YOU?*

NOTHING THAT *YOU* WOULD UNDERSTAND... GENERAL! YOU WILL *EXCUSE ME...*

GREGOR RISES AND MOVES AWAY FROM THE SPARKLING BANQUET TABLE...

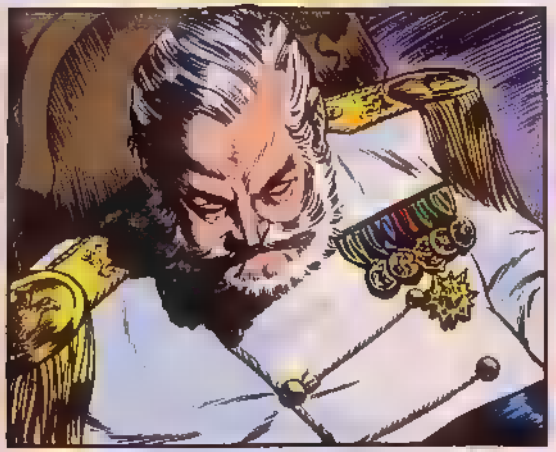
...BUT I HAVE *MANY THINGS* TO DO!

AND *YOU OTHERS!?* YOU *ALSO* HAVE THINGS TO WHICH YOU MUST ATTEND, EH?! ALL RIGHT! *GET OUT! ALL OF YOU!* I DON'T *NEED* YOU!

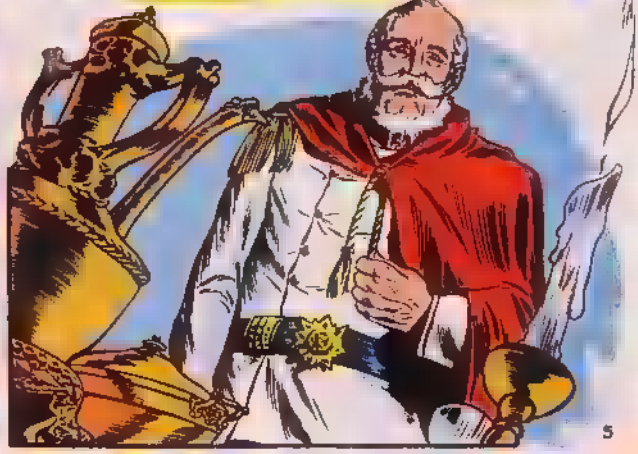
GENERAL, WE *MUST* GO! YOU *KNOW* THAT!

YES, *I KNOW! I KNOW! ALL RIGHT! GO BACK TO YOUR BOOT-LICKING! GO ON!* GENERAL FEODOR VASILY LEONTOVICH NEEDS *NONE* OF YOU!

THE FOOLS! THE SOFT FOOLS WITH THEIR DISAPPROVING EYES AND THEIR PETTY DREAMS! A MAN MUST FOLLOW HIS DESTINY! THE GENERAL RAGES! BUT SOON HIS RAGE SUBSIDES. HE SITS ALONE AT THE BANQUET TABLE...



LATER, FEODOR RISES SLOWLY, SLIPPING ON HIS CLOAK. HE SIGHS THEN, AND TAKES A LAST, SAD LOOK AROUND AT THIS, HIS ANNIVERSARY DINNER CELEBRATING HIS RISE TO FULL GENERAL ■ THE ARMIES OF THE TSAR...

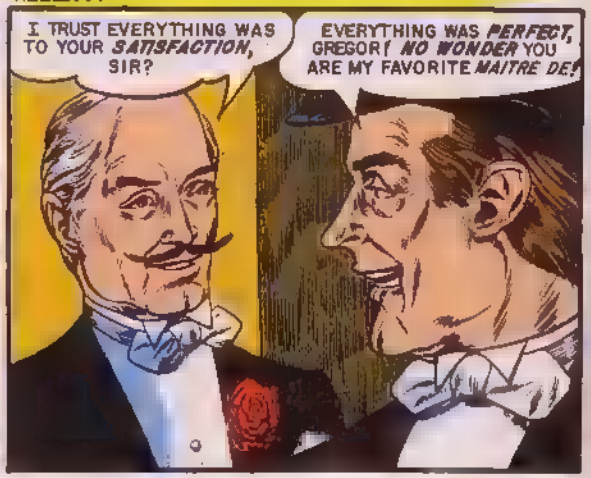


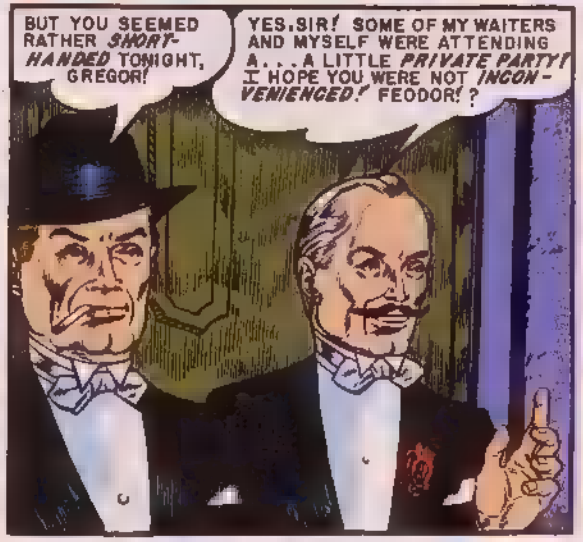
SUDDENLY, THE GENERAL'S YEARS WEIGH HEAVILY UPON HIM. HE IS GRATEFUL FOR THE WARMTH OF HIS CLOAK, LATER, AS HE STEPS OUTSIDE...

ALMOST, THE GENERAL YEARNS FOR A MOMENT TO BE BACK INSIDE... WITH THE OTHERS...

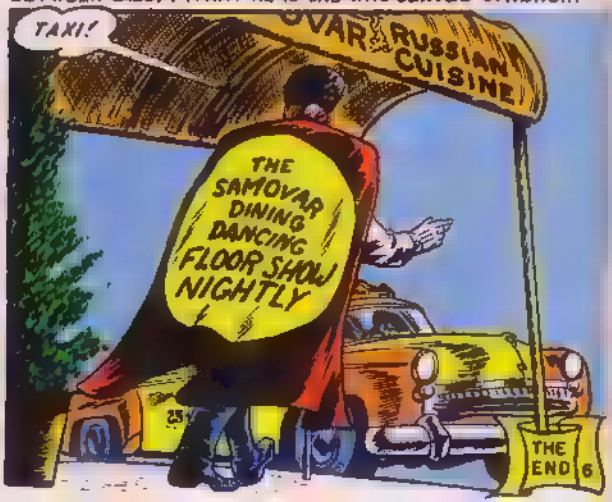
BUT NO! THIS IS BETTER! THE GENERAL SHIVERS AND ADJUSTS HIS CLOAK... THE CLOAK SO MUCH LIKE THE ONE HE WORE THAT NIGHT SO LONG AGO...

...THE NIGHT HE BEGAN HIS FLIGHT TO AMERICA AFTER THE REVOLUTION OF 1918, WITH THE BOLSHEVIKS HOWLING AT HIS HEELS...





YES! THIS *IS* BETTER! OUT HERE, A MAN CAN *FORGET*... BETWEEN CABS... THAT HE IS ONE WHO *SERVES OTHERS*...



THE ENTERTAINMENT BOX

As the title of this new feature indicates, we are boxing some entertainment for you. We're reviewing new movies and phonograph records—enduring the worst so we can tip you off to the best. Of course, there are some E.C. fans who insist there *isn't* anything entertaining outside of the covers of an E.C. magazine. With them we won't argue. For the others, here is a poor man's *Cue!*

FILM GUIDE

Something EXTRA with IMPACT that rates ACES HIGH and will PANIC you (advts.) is Walt Disney's "Lady and the Tramp."

This movie has nothing to do with either ladies or tramps, but is rather concerned with the activities of two dogs. (It is based on a book by Ward Greene who once wrote another book. That one also became a movie. Your father and mother may recall it as "They Won't Forget.")

"Lady and the Tramp" is probably the best thing that Disney has ever done. It is so good, in fact, that he will probably never be able to do another picture like it. (Now we hear that he has invented a thing called Circlerama in which you sit in a theatre and there is movie on all sides of you. This is especially handy for two-headed film fans, or for people with eyes in back of their heads.)

But this flicker is a masterpiece. The songs, the color, the Chaplinesque humor, and the wonderful Disney artistry make this a delight to see and a wonder to enjoy.

If you have enough money left over for another movie, your E.C. secret-service recommends "Summertime" with Katherine Hepburn.

This is the story of what happens to an old maid who visits Venice. But the story becomes part of the general enchantment as the cameras scan the city with its gondolas and water buses and the ancient buildings that face the canal.

"Summertime" is a charming flicker to see at any time of the year.

RECORD GUIDE

M-G-M Records has released a long-playing record that allows you to revisit the scores of two of the finest musicals in the history of the American theatre.

Robert Ashley and the MGM Orchestra reproduce the melodies from Richard Rodgers' and Oscar Hammerstein's "South Pacific" on one side and the Jerome Kern-Oscar Hammerstein "Show Boat" on the other.

The arrangements are imaginative and the melodies tick off one after the other in a tuneful rainbow full of the flavor of fiddles and romance. The disk number is E256.

A pair of young ladies recently began a record business that is unusual. They record poetry and prose spoken by the person who wrote it.

Some of the finest writers of our generation have recorded parts of their own works. And the resonant high-fidelity quality of the records almost makes one forget that only a few years ago recording quality was so poor by comparison.

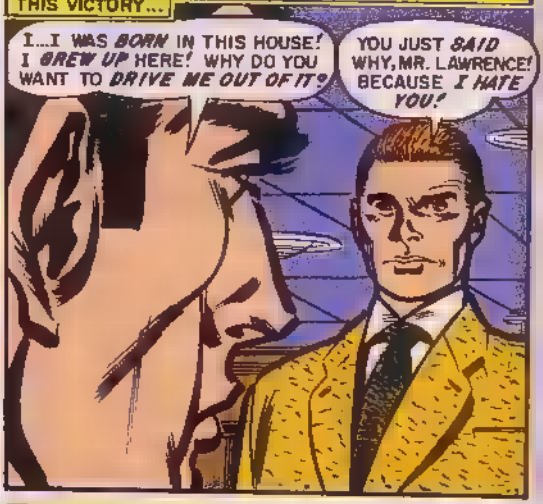
Voices like those of Wendell Wilkie, Franklin D. Roosevelt and the great tenor Richard Tauber are preserved on records, but even with the most careful "help" from the engineers who re-record these disks, the quality cannot approach the average fine quality of high fidelity records made today.

It makes you wonder what the next twenty years will do to the phonograph, and how old-fashioned today's long-playing records will seem a decade from now.

SO MUCH MORE

SOMEHOW, IT WASN'T EXACTLY THE WAY IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN. THE CHAMP HAD PLANNED THIS MOMENT SO CAREFULLY. THIS TIME, THE WEAPONS WERE TO HAVE BEEN WORDS, NOT FISTS! BUT HE'D PLANNED IT JUST AS HE'D PLANNED HIS FIGHTS. THE LEAD-IN... THE SHIFT OF ATTACK... THE SUDDEN, STUNNING KNOCKOUT BLOW. THE CHAMP HAD HAD IT ALL WORKED OUT. ONLY... IT WAS NO GOOD. NOW THAT HE WAS HERE, THE VICTORY SEEMED TOO EASY. YOU CAN'T HIT A MAN WHO WON'T FIGHT BACK...

WHY? THERE WERE SO MANY REASONS. THEY WERE ALL JUMBLED IN THE CHAMP'S HEAD. POVERTY... HUNGER ENVY... JEALOUSY... RESENTMENT... BITTERNESS. THEY WERE ALL THERE. THE EMOTIONS THAT HAD DRIVEN HIM. AND YET, NOW, THE CHAMP COULD SPEAK SOFTLY... CONTROLLED... CALMED IN THE FACE OF THIS VICTORY...



BUT THE CALMNESS... THE CONTROL SEEMED TO GIVE WAY AS THE MAN ASKED QUESTION AFTER QUESTION. INSIDE THE CHAMP, OLD SCARS FLUSHED, THROBBING. OLD HURTS PAINED ANEW, STABBING...

AND THEN, SUDDENLY THEY GUSHED TO THE SURFACE, SPILLING OVER...THE OLD HATES...THE OLD MEMORIES...

YOU WANT ANSWERS, EH? ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIVE YOU ANSWERS! LOOK AT ME AND THINK BACK! TRY TO REMEMBER A DAY IN THE PARK, FIFTEEN YEARS AGO!

"THERE WAS A KID IN THE PARK THAT DAY. ME! DANNY HERNDON! BUT YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER HIM, WOULD YOU, LAWRENCE? WHY SHOULD YOU?"

HEY, DANNY! LOOK! A PONY-CART!

SO WHAT!? IT'S ONLY THAT STUCK-UP LAWRENCE KID!

WHAT DO WE CARE ABOUT HIM?! HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE ALIVE! COME ON! LET'S GO DOWN TO THE CREEK!

GOSH! A REAL LIVE PONY!

THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH! GET AWAY! GET AWAY, YOU LITTLE BEGGARS.

BEGGARS!? WHO ARE YOU CALLING BEGGARS!?

WE'RE JUST AS GOOD AS YOU ARE! MAYBE BETTER!

YOU...YOU LITTLE BEGGARS! GET AWAY...

"THAT WAS YOUR FATHER, LAWRENCE! A MAN WITH A WHIP! THAT'S HOW I REMEMBER HIM. I HATED HIM. BUT I DESPISED YOU MORE THAT DAY. AND, WHEN I WENT HOME, I WAS SORE AT THE WHOLE WORLD..."

"FUNNY. I COULD SEE THIS HOUSE FROM WHERE I LIVED, HIGH UP. THE LAWRENCES LIVED HIGH UP. LIKE KINGS. AND THE HERNDONS LIVED... WELL... LIKE WE LIVED..."

DANNY? THAT YOU?

YEAH! IT'S... ME...

"I LIVED IN A PIGSTY, AND YOU LIVED IN A PALACE ON A HILL. I WALKED MY FEET OFF SELLING PAPERS AND YOU RODE ON SOFT CUSHIONS, RELAXING..."

HEY!

"DO YOU WONDER I HATED YOU, LAWRENCE? YOU WEREN'T ONE OF US! WE NEVER COULD GET *CLOSE* TO YOU. THAT ATE ME. FOR YEARS. BUT I GOT CLOSE, ONE DAY! REMEMBER?..."

WELL, WELL, WELL! LOOK WHO'S INSIDE! JUST LIKE A *ZOO*, ISN'T IT, GUYS?

KEEP OUT

AW, COME ON, DANNY! FORGET IT! LET'S GO! WE'VE GOT SOME *PRACTICING* TO DO!

YEAH! THAT'S *RIGHT!* BUT THE FIELD'S A GOOD *HALF MILE AWAY!* WHY NOT PRACTICE *RIGHT HERE?*

HEREY! YOU *KNOW* WHY! WE'D BE *CHASED, SURE!* OLD MAN *LAWRENCE* WOULD CHASE US! *COME ON!*

I SAID WE PRACTICE *HERE!* NOBODY'S CHASING *US!* WE'VE GOT AS MUCH RIGHT HERE AS *ANYBODY!*

"I WAS TOUGH, LAWRENCE. EVEN THEN. I HAD TO BE, WHERE I CAME FROM. WE PLAYED. REMEMBER? AND YOU NEVER MOVED... NEVER BATTED AN EYELASH..."

"YOU JUST SAT THERE... COLDLY... STUDYING US LIKE WE WERE SOME KIND OF FREAKS..."

HEY, YOU! GET *DOWN* FROM THERE! NO ONE'S *ALLOWED* IN HERE! THIS IS *PRIVATE PROPERTY!*

YOU SAW THE SIGN! YOU CAN READ! GET OUT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? AFRAID I'LL GIVE LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY A DISEASE OR SOMETHING! I JUST WANT MY BALL...
BALL, IS IT? I'VE GOT MY ORDERS! MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO COME AROUND WHERE YOU'RE NOT WANTED!
THAT GARDENER MADE ME SICK! HE WAS A LITTLE MAN, LAWRENCE! LITTLE INSIDE! I WAS FURIOUS! I SWUNG... WILDLY...
"AND ALL OF MY FURY LANDED WITH THE BLOW. I RAN THEN..."
...AND I KEPT RUNNING! I RAN AWAY FROM HOME THAT DAY. I WAS SCARED. SCARED OF LAWRENCE MONEY. SCARED OF LAWRENCE POWER. BUT I LEARNED SOMETHING THAT DAY! I LEARNED THAT I HAD POWER, TOO! POWER IN THESE, LAWRENCE! I LOST A FOOTBALL WHEN I HIT YOUR GARDENER... BUT I FOUND A PROFESSION!
I... I WAS SORRY ABOUT THE FOOTBALL, HERNDON! WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT? I WAS TRULY SORRY!
"SORRY! I'LL BET! YOU JUST SAT THERE LAPPING IT UP! YOU DIDN'T CARE ABOUT ME! ABOUT ANY ONE OF US! YOU DIDN'T MAKE A MOVE! WELL, I CARED ABOUT YOU, LAWRENCE! I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU LATER ...RIDING THE RODS OVER THE MILES THE FREIGHT PUT BETWEEN US..."
"I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME...EVEN AFTERWARDS...WHEN ALL I HAD TO SELL WERE MY MUSCLES..."
SO YOU WANT A JOB, EH, KID? OKAY! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU! CAN YOU HANDLE A MOP?

"THAT'S RIGHT, LAWRENCE! I WANTED TO BE A FIGHTER. SO I MOPPED FLOORS. I RAN ERRANDS FOR PUNCH-DRUNK PUGS. AND IN BETWEEN, I LEARNED. FINALLY, I GOT A FIGHT. AND IT WAS *YOU* THERE IN THE RING WITH ME... *YOU* I WAS FIGHTING... *YOU* I BATTERED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS..."

"EVERY TIME I FOUGHT AND WON, I WAS BEATING YOU A LITTLE. BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH! I CAME BACK HERE ONCE AND FOUND THAT OUT..."

"I CAME BACK TO BURY MY MOTHER AND I SAW YOU AGAIN, RIDING PROUDLY IN YOUR EXPENSIVE CAR. MY MANAGER DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHEN I WENT BACK WITH A DEMAND..."

DRAPER!? BUT, *DANNY!* USE YOUR *HEAD!* YOU'RE NOT *READY* FOR DRAPER YET!

IF I BEAT DRAPER I'M A *CONTENDER!* I GET *OTHER* FIGHTS. *BIG FIGHTS!* BIG *MONEY!* AND THAT'S *WHAT I WANT!* YOU *GET ME DRAPER!*

"I GOT THAT FIGHT. MAYBE YOU READ ABOUT IT..."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THIS IS THE KIND OF FIGHT YOU *READ* ABOUT! THIS DANNY HERNDON IS A *TIGER!* DRAPER IS *ALMOST OUT ON HIS FEET*...

UH-OH! AND *THERE IT IS!* A LEFT HOOK AND A TERRIFIC RIGHT CROSS! PURE DYNAMITE! DRAPER'S *DOWN!* AND IF HE CAN GET UP, IT'LL BE A *MIRACLE*...

"DRAPER DIDN'T GET UP UNTIL WELL AFTER THE COUNT, LAWRENCE! WHEN I HIT HIM, THERE WERE TEN YEARS OF DETERMINATION IN THAT PUNCH..."

...6...9...10...*YOU'RE OUT!*

"NONE OF THEM GOT UP FROM THEN ON. I CLIMBED FAST, AND WHILE I WAS GOING UP, I KEPT TABS. YOU WERE GOING DOWN..."

SO OLD MAN LAWRENCE *DIED*, EH? THAT'S *TOO BAD!*

YEAH! DANNY, I DON'T *GET* IT! JUST WHAT *IS* YOUR INTEREST IN THIS LAWRENCE FAMILY? WHAT'S THE *GIMMICK?* WHAT ARE YOU *AFTER*, *ANYWAY?*

THAT'S MY BUSINESS! DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING ELSE?
YEAH! THE OLD MAN'S BUSINESS IS JUST ABOUT ON THE ROCKS! THE LAWYERS ARE TRYING TO SELL IT! THE SON DON'T WANT IT!
NO! HE WOULDN'T! HE WOULDN'T WANT TO GET DIRTY RUBBING ELBOWS WITH COMMON PEOPLE! YOU STAY ON IT! I WANT TO KNOW EVERYTHING HE DOES! UNDERSTAND?
OKAY, DANNY! IT'S YOUR DOUGH THAT'S PAYING THE PRIVATE DICKS! LIKE YOU SAID...IT'S YOUR BUSINESS! BUT I THINK YOU'RE NUTS!
"MAYBE I WAS A LITTLE NUTS, LAWRENCE! BUT I HAD AN IDEA. A WAY TO REALLY BEAT YOU. IT TOOK A LITTLE TIME, BUT I MADE IT..."
THE WINNER AND NEW MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD ...DANNY HERNDON...
"IT TOOK UNTIL I BECAME CHAMP...UNTIL I HAD WHAT I'D BEEN AFTER. MONEY! BY THE BARRELFUL! THEN, I CAME HOME..."
THE LAWRENCE ESTATE? MR. HERNDON! SURELY YOU'RE JOKING! WHY THE LAWRENCES ARE A LANDMARK HERE! YOUNG LAWRENCE WOULD NEVER SELL!
WOULDN'T HE? HE OWES BACK TAXES, DOESN'T HE? HE'S BROKE, ISN'T HE?
H-HOW DID YOU FIND THAT OUT!?
YOU MAY BE HIS ATTORNEY...BUT I'M HIS CONSCIENCE! I FOUND OUT... NEVER MIND HOW! EITHER HE SELLS TO ME...OR I BUY THE ESTATE FOR BACK TAXES. HE CAN SUIT HIMSELF!
YOU NEVER KNEW WHO YOU WERE SELLING TO, DID YOU, LAWRENCE? BUT, THEN, YOU DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, DID YOU?
NO, I...I DIDN'T! IS THAT ALL, HERNDON?
NO, THAT'S NOT ALL! THERE'S MORE! I WANT YOU TO KNOW WHY I CAME HERE TODAY INSTEAD OF HAVING YOU THROWN OUT! I WANT YOU TO KNOW JUST WHAT GETTING THIS HOUSE AND EVERYTHING IT STANDS FOR MEANS TO ME!

I CAME HERE TO KNOCK YOU OUT, LAWRENCE! TO BEAT YOU DOWN! TO PAY YOU OFF! NOT WITH MY FISTS, BUT ON YOUR OWN LEVEL! WITH WORDS! NOW YOU'RE NOTHING, LAWRENCE! LIKE I WAS NOTHING! NOW I'VE GOT ALL THE THINGS YOU HAD!
YOU HAD EVERYTHING! BUT IT WASN'T ENOUGH! YOU HAD TO SNEER AT US! AT ME! YOU HAD TO SIT SO PROUDLY SO ALOOF... SO COLD! YOU WERE BETTER THAN US! WELL HOW DOES IT FEEL NOW, LAWRENCE? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE IN THE OTHER GUYS SHOES?
I...FEEL SORRY, HERNDON!
JUST FOR A MOMENT THE CHAMP FELT THE THRILL OF VICTORY. JUST FOR A MOMENT. BUT THEN, IT WAS LIKE IT HAD BEEN WHEN HE'D FIRST ENTERED THE ROOM. SOMEHOW, IT WASN'T THE WAY IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN...
I FEEL SORRY...FOR YOU, HERNDON! I PITY YOU!
SUDDENLY, WHEN LAWRENCE PUSHED HIS CHAIR BACK FROM THE DESK, THE MEMORIES CAME FLOODING UP AGAIN...
...BECAUSE YOU'VE WASTED SO MANY YEARS, HERNDON!
SUDDENLY, THE CHAMP WAS REMEMBERING: A BOY, SITTING COLDLY IN A PONY CART...A BOY, SEATED PROUDLY IN A CAR...A BOY, NEVER MOVING FROM HIS PLACE ON THE GRASS...
THE CHAMP LOOKED BACK OVER THE LONG YEARS...THE YEARS SO FULL OF HATE. THE CHAMP LOOKED BACK... AND REGRETTED...
MY FATHER KEPT THE TRUTH ABOUT ME A SECRET, HERNDON! HE WAS A PROUD MAN! A HARD MAN! HE WAS ASHAMED FOR THE WORLD TO KNOW! HE MADE ME... ALMOST... A PRISONER! A HERMIT! OLD HABITS ARE HARD TO BREAK! AFTER HE DIED, I GUESS I JUST WENT ON...LIKE BEFORE! ONLY A FEW PEOPLE KNEW THE TRUTH ABOUT ME! LIKE THAT GARDENER...
YOU WERE WRONG, HERNDON! I DIDN'T HAVE...EVERYTHING! IF YOU'D ONLY KNOWN! YOU HAD SO MUCH MORE THAN I EVER HAD...OR COULD EVER HOPE TO HAVE! SO MUCH MORE!
THE END